



GREEN BOOK

1937



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GREEN

BOOK

19-17

**FRESHMAN
RHETORIC
CLASS**

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Foreword :

Because we have learned to know ourselves better and because we want you to learn to know us better, we the Freshmen of 1936-1937, give you this expression of our hearts and minds in a Green Book.

In it we have bared our thoughts, hopes, and youthful dreams to you. We have done our best in making it interesting and we hope you do your best to enjoy it.



Dr. Hingledeus

By your understanding and humility, by your deep interest in us, by your consistent life motivated by a sincere love for God, by your practical application of Christianity and education to life you have endeared yourself to our hearts; therefore we, the Freshman Class of 1936-1937, sincerely dedicate our Green Book to you.

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Editorial :

Freshmen....youth--ambitious, eager, fun-loving, tryan-nical youth. Minds unawakened to all the possibilities of life and the powers that lie within us, but minds seeking knowledge and the security that comes from understanding; hearts throbbing with love for life and anticipation of the joys of future accomplishments; bodies, strong, lithe, as eager for action as untamed things--we have them all. Sometimes we are too impetuous, too eager, and we make mistakes that daze us for a while. But then we recover our good sense and laugh, for we realize that there is more joy in profiting from our own disappointments than there is in sympathizing with the mistakes of others.

Sometimes we forget that life is serious. But underneath our frivolity, there is a determination to conquer every difficulty; to fight temptation and win; to live honestly and nobly. We have started in college, not to make ourselves into different personalities, but to learn to know ourselves as we are--and to make ourselves better every day that we live. There is manhood and womanhood within us--glorious gift! And for four short years we aim to learn to make the most of the best that's within us and to equip ourselves to face the future squarely and unflinchingly.

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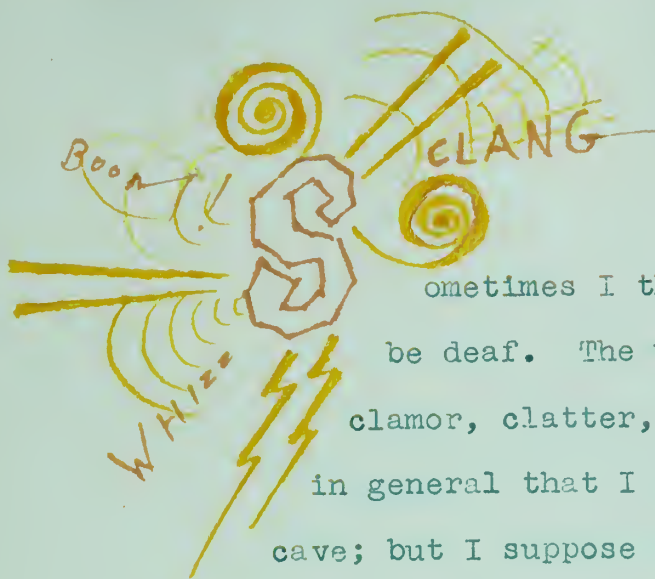
Doris Bryant

FRESHMAN

THEMES

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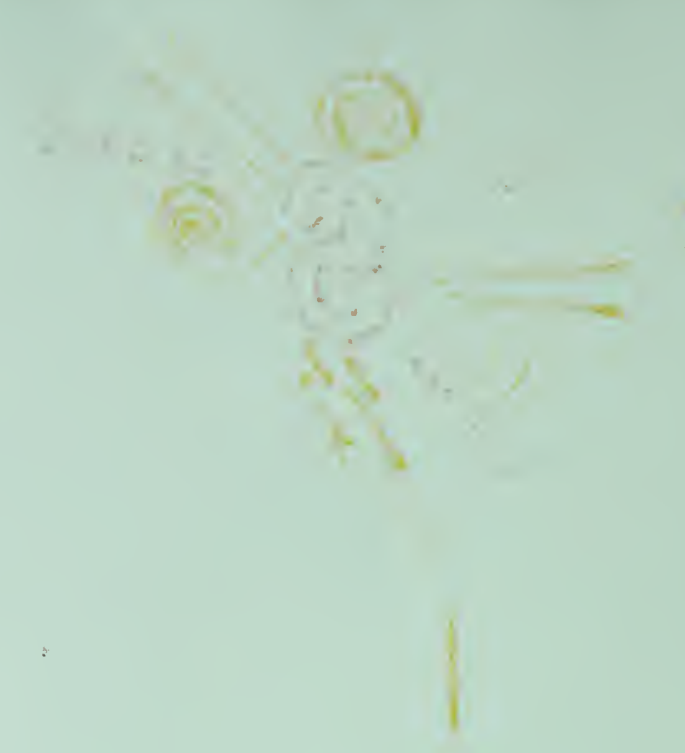
noises

Sometimes I think it would be perfectly heavenly to be deaf. The world seems so full of titters, loudness, clamor, clatter, blare, words, words, words, and noises in general that I sometimes feel like going to live in a cave; but I suppose even in a cave I would still hear the gurgle of water and thunder when it storms. No wonder people have "jittery" nerves. If it isn't a door slamming, it's money jangling, typewriters clicking and beating an incessant tattoo, or people snoring. Street cars rattle; trains pant and puff; whistles screech; politicians snort and rave; people fume and blow; babies yell; feet click against pavement; horns toot;---yes, they're all in a lifetime of bangs and resounding slaps.

In the morning it's the shrill r-r-ring of an alarm clock that wakens me and from the time that my eyes open until they close at night I listen, always listen. If my ears could talk I'm sure they would implore me to have mercy. Books and pencils drop; feet thump; the clocks tick; motors whirr; paper rustles; water splurts from faucets; chairs creak at the restless movements of their occupants; people clear their throats, cough, and crack notebook rings and always shriek and yell and laugh and sing and whistle -- and talk all morning long.

At noon silverware jingles; dishes bang; chairs and people laugh and chatter some more. And on through the afternoon and evening I keep listening to the crazy sounds that attach themselves to everything and everybody.

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But of all the sounds that weary me, words are the most tiresome. They tire me most by their inanity and uselessness. People talk away all their beauty and cover up their intents and feelings with words. People stab others until they wince from pain at the sharpness of a few words. Someone speaks a few subtle words into my ears, and my eyes can't see that one without hearing the words over and over again. Orators sway motions--with words; politicians snatch millions--with words; diplomats start wars--with words. And I defame and ruin--with words. That's why I wish I were deaf sometimes.



FORSYTHIA

heavily laden with shining yellow blossoms, the forsythia bushes pour forth their radiance as the warm spring sun beats down upon them. Announcing spring's arrival, the tiny, delicate flowers welcome nature's new-born babes. The long, lanky branches, covered with numerous blooms, bend their tips toward the green earth and spread forth in all directions. As if adorned with a crown of gold, the top of the bushes extend their tiny shoots heavenward to the blue sky and seem to cry out, "Spring is here! Spring is here!"



APPLE

PIE

What is more tempting than a steaming apple pie sitting upon a window-sill to cool? The soft, flaky crust, baked to a golden brown with the juice from the apples oozing out the sides is an invitation alone. Water begins to run down the sides of your mouth as you visualize the luscious pieces of apple that are within that crust. Then you imagine yourself crunching upon the crust of that same pie, enjoying the bits of baked apple. What a teaser that pie is!



A HORSE AND BUGGY RIDE

II was bored. The soft sloping hills, the vivid sunset hues, the bleating sheep, and the singing mowing machine sent pangs of loneliness throughout my entire being. Oh, to be back in the city among people; to be able to hop on a bus and go places; to window shop; or to stop at the drug store on a smeltering day and sip an icy, stinging drink. But, here I was and here I would be for several days longer. I resolved to do something out of the ordinary. What would it be? A ride on a load of hay? No. Since the tractor has come into existence, haying has lost some of its uniqueness.

The lazy old work horse has harnessed and hitched to the dusty mail carriage. A "horse and buggy" ride, why not? I used to think it grand to drive when I was a little tot. Because traveling by horse and wagon is considered very obsolete today. I decided that such a ride should be quite interesting.

I knew about an old German farmer who lived not far away and decided to make him a visit. Perchance one of his grandchildren from Eastern Nazarene College would be there

The old horse leisurely picked his way along the hot dusty road. The blistering sun burned my neck and arms. I made a noise between my teeth in hopes that he would trot a

little but he paid no attention to my signal. I was sorry I had not dressed as they did in the olden days, with a broad brimmed hat and a fine veil covering the face, for when the horse switched his tail around, the fine short hairs flew into my face, likewise a little dust and dirt.

His tail got caught in my reins. I tried to wiggle it off but to no avail.

I thought I'd try to lift it off with the whip, but when I merely touched the whip, the old horse gave a sudden jerk and away he went, trotting faster than I had ever seen him. That was fun; however he soon got tired. I guess he decided that I wasn't going to strike him after all.

Going up hill the horse would stop several times. I was good to him and let him do it as much as he wanted. I'm sure he liked me because whenever he stopped he turned around and gave me a smile. On one very steep hill he stopped seven times. T'would have been more amusing if I hadn't been afraid that the seat would topple off the wagon.

Not a car passed us all the way and I was very glad because it worried me a little whenever I thought of taking to the ditch.

I had come to the German farm. Supposing no one was at home, how would I ever turn the horse and wagon around?

I stopped before the gate and finally the old gentleman appeared. I asked him if his grandchildren were visiting him. They were not, but he wanted me to visit him awhile. I told him that I knew very little about horses. He smiled and led the horse into the yard and hitched him to the barn. Then the lazy old fellow munched the grass and snoozed awhile.

A Man Dresses As He Thinks



Clothes

do not make the man, but clothes are one of the man's best advertisers.

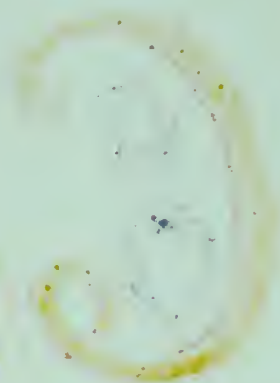
The careless dresser is a careless thinker and a careless workman; his tie is askew and also his philosophy. He takes an indifferent attitude to everything that he does. His trousers are creaseless and his vest is spotted. His thinking is irregular and spotted because he jumps at conclusions without reasoning through the facts. He expresses his ideas in a slipshod, haphazard manner with no care or arrangement.

Then there is the man who overdresses. He is usually a "bluff". He appears to be "gawdy", stiff, and overdone. He knows that he does not know, and he tries to hide his ignorance behind his clothes. He is a showman playing to the crowd because he has no other way to get recognition.

We also have the echo type. He likes to trade clothes, or wears those that belong to someone else. When he enters the room you have to look twice to see who is coming this time. He is not very original in his thinking, but he can give you a cheap mixture of other people's ideas. He gives you the impression that he would like to be someone else if he had a choice to make.

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into periods of intensive thought and study and forgets everything else that he should do. His hair goes uncombed and his clothes become shabby. After his terrific battle with his thoughts, he will get things arranged and systematized for a while. Then he will come out a few days in clean pressed clothes and shining shoes until he finds himself baffled by some new problem.

The consistent thinker is different from any of the others. He dresses to be inconspicuous. He is clean and neat, but never stiff or overdressed. He does not need to bluff or make a show. He knows what he knows, and he knows where to find it when he wants it. His reasoning is logical and to the point. He makes a good conversationalist. When you leave him you remember him, not his clothes.

The quality of the clothes is not important, but the quality of the man can often be seen by the way he wears his clothes.

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RETRIBUTION

The wind turned today
And blew your hair the other way,
I never saw you quite
That way before
And now I think
I do not love you anymore!

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NIGHT CHORUS

Night with its shadowy arms
Night with its lonesome charms,
Is playing a solemn tune
On the harpstrings of the moon.

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Sketches of Autumn Scenes



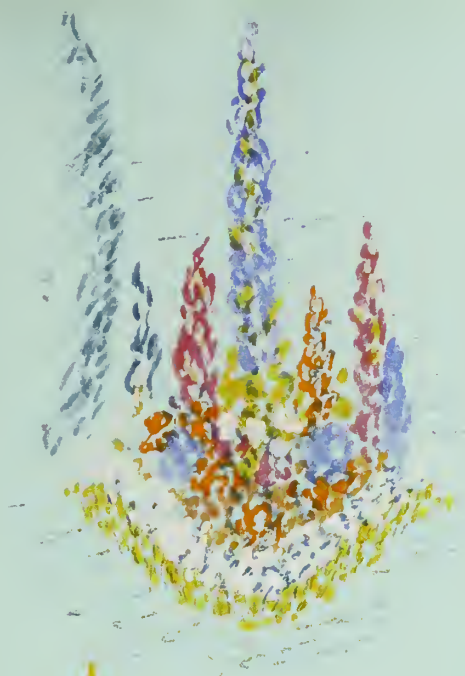
In the distance I saw Mount Washington mantled in snow--a towering gray and white mountain impressive in its rugged beauty. As I looked I remembered David's psalm to the "mountains of God". There is something akin to God in their majestic splendor. They live so much nearer the heavens than I that they inspire me to a deeper faith and trust in their Creator.

I walked through the woods on a damp, earthy path to "The Flume". The pungent odor of autumn smoke hung heavily on the air and made me feel like laughing and running up the steep stairway to the top of the falls. As I climbed on the damp, musty, weather-beaten steps, they creaked and sagged under my slim weight. The spray from the falling waters coated my face and hair with silver mist. Tiny, venturesome ferns clung tenaciously to the hard, wet sides of the rocks. Velvety moss timidly crept from the crannies. Looking down from the top of the gorge I was awed by the dashing, foaming cascade tumbling down the chasm. The sunbeams transfigured the escaping mists into scintillating rainbows. Exquisite beauty! I was lost in the enchantment of falling waters.

At sunset I visited "The Old Man of the Mountains". The cold, yellow rays, the frosty air, and the cutting wind chilled me. Unfriendly winds ruffled the gray waters into

choppy waves. Across the lake I saw the Old Man's profile cut in grim relief against a cold, blue sky. The austerity of the scene strangely subdued me. With mingled emotions I turned away. I felt acutely the chill responsibilities of life and I was overcome by an irresistible desire to live my life courageously and nobly. I grew a little older in those few, short moments.

After the sun had set in a glory of crimson and gold I felt refreshed by the lavender twilight. As the mountains loomed darkly against the indigo sky, the evening star twinkled into place. The world was at rest. I thought of my long, lovely day and a bit of heaven slipped into my heart.



my GARDEN



It is in the month of August. The hour is six in the morning. As I look up from the breakfast table and gaze out the window, a peaceful, restful, happy sight meets my eyes. A garden, that's a riot of flashing colors, is glistening and gleaming with dew as the morning sun shines on it. At the bird bath is a little wren, fluttering and sputtering in the water as it bathes. Soon it hops to the edge of the bowl and cocks its head to one side, all attention. Then, with a flutter of wings, it's gone; but O, such a twittering and scolding I hear. That can mean only one thing. Whiskers, the neighbor's black cat, is prowling around the hedge near my little bird's nest. Glad of an excuse to leave my breakfast unfinished, I leave the table and skip out to the garden. Yes, there's Whiskers lying near the hedge sunning himself. Gently I pick him up and transport him to the back of the garden and drop him over the fence. With my little wren happy again and enjoying a second morning splash with its mate, I sit down by the lily pool to commune with God thru nature. Before me the lilies are beginning to open and lift their cups to the sun.

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The goldfish dart back and forth beneath the lily pads. The rockery in back of the pool is a snow-bank of Little Gem Alyssum. Here and there I see the cheerful faces of some late blooming Violas. The double Portulacas, brilliantly variegated in every shade of the rainbow, spring up between the rocks of the border of the pool and between the flagstones of the walk leading to it. There is the blue of the summer sky in the Forget-Me-Nots that are scattered over the rockery.

Looking to the front of the garden I see beds in which Zinnias, Iceland Poppies, baby Phlox, blue and pink Larkspur, Petunias in many colors, California Poppies, French Marigolds, and Snapdragons are blooming profusely. Bordering these beds is more pure white Alyssum. Each bed reminds me of a huge nosegay of many colors, with a fringe of white paper lace around it. The sun becomes warmer, my thoughts wander, and I sit dreaming 'till Mother's voice calls to me telling me it's six-thirty and that I must dash off to work. The thought of the work of the day jerks me back to reality and away I fly lest I be late.

It's five-thirty in the afternoon. The sun is beginning to sink into the west, casting long shadows from the weeping maple trees across my garden. It's cool and comforting here in my garden now, and I'm glad to have this refuge from the world after my day's work. The lilies have closed up for the night, as have also the double Portulaca. But, the white Nicotiana is just beginning to send its heavy, sweet odor thru

the garden. The scent fills the air. Again I should like to sit and muse and dream in my garden, but I again must hasten into the house to help prepare dinner. I know, though, that my garden will still be waiting for me after the dinner dishes are washed. The white cosmos will be swaying in the breeze and the sweetness of the Nicotiana will creep into the fabric of my dreams that night.

GROWING OLD

"



et me grow lovely, growing old."

So many things grow lovelier with age. Old lace mellows with the years. The harsh brilliance of gold gives way to a soft and friendly luster as time goes by. Trees, I think, are far more beautiful in autumn than in spring, and winter finds them even lovelier in their gaunt dark stillness. Old houses in spite of their sometimes grotesque architecture are beautiful with romance. Day, growing old, turns to night and the world is transformed to the realm of mystery, and its beauty becomes a benediction.

Yes, many things grow lovely growing old, and I would say with the poet, "Let me grow lovely, growing old."

What is it that makes me lovely in old age? Surely the years have not always been kind to those lovely old people I have known. I have observed that many of them have been victims of sorrows and disappointments--and yet, they have become lovely.

I have also observed that those who have lived shallow lives have become sour and bigoted in their old age. Others have become embittered because of the tragedies that have come their way. I have found such people

to be the town's eccentrics, or the hermits who hide themselves from society and live in worthless solitude. They have adopted an accusing attitude toward life and people, and feel they have been unjustly treated by God and man.

Noticing these things I have concluded that it is not the sorrows or disappointments that I shall have in life that will decide the type of person I shall be in my old age. No, it will not be the tragedies of my life, but my attitude toward such happenings that will decide my future character.

When sorrows come shall I accept them as a part of living realizing that "life must go on" and I must go on with it, or shall I adopt an attitude of rebellion and go on existing but not living? Each trial may become a gateway to deeper living, or a door to useless existence. Which it shall be depends on me, and so I pray, "God teach me to live, and living, teach me "to grow lovely, growing old."



SEA SOUP



oom! and only to be enveloped in fleecy whiteness, oh so harmless looking, but charged with death. Such fog has spoken fear and dread to countless mariners and aviators since these pursuits began. Eyes were darkened to danger and natural fear was overcome by sheer nerve energy, the result of many hours of impatient, anxious waiting to be up and away to the national air races.

Just before sunset the fog lifted and with delight the mechanic swung the prop which was followed by a glorious roar, a few minutes of warming up, checking of instruments, a pulling of chocks, taxiing into position, a look up and around and then the take-off. No sooner had the wheels left the ground than the dreaded fog settled again to leave us at the mercy of chance. The danger of the milky vapor dawned upon a mind fevered with excitement, and fear crept in causing a tightening of the fingers around the stick. If there were only some instruments for blind flying. What a fool to be caught in this stuff. That windmill and those radio towers made it pure folly to think of turning back. Up, up, we must go and hope that we're flying straight and trust to ears attuned to flying noise to warn of stalling. Suddenly a rift appeared, a hole in the fog--- and what was at the bottom? The whitecapped waves of the open ocean. We must be headed out to sea. What if we couldn't climb through to

find our position? What if impatience to climb caused a stall with the resultant spin into the ocean? What if the motor failed?

Memory then began to play: How about that fellow who crashed into the waters of this very bay only a few days before? Are we any better than he? How about that crack pilot who flew his transport plane into the side of a mountain deceived by just such a fog, even though he had instruments? How about those stories about what happen to pilots when lost in fog, flying in circles which grow tighter and tighter until reason gave way? How about the sinking sun and the approaching ^{darkness}? Was not this awful soup bad enough without darkness adding to the terror? Just so did mind play until suddenly, as a cork bobs out of a pail of water when let go after being held submerged, we jumped out of this ghostly robe of white into wonderful, glorious sunlight. Oh! what a picture----- oceans of whiteness stretching out to the horizon where sunset hues painted an unforgettable scene. Then began a race with nature, about thirty minutes of dusk, and fog rolling in quickly. Would we reach the next airport before dark and before the fog? Setting the nose low and skimming the billowing foam, with motor wide open, we covered the miles. At last we outflew the fog and rolling hills appeared along with the outlines of the airport destination. Making a long power dive we sped on, only to ease up long enough to circle and land. No sooner had the plane come to a stop than the "pea soup" closed in about us. What thanksgiving was on our lips to the merciful God of the air!

Edgar B. Smith

GRANDMA'S ATTIC



suffocating mustyness met us as we groping-ly made our way up the dark stairs. Dust and ghosts of former days seemed to be lurking in every corner. Trunks and boxes held the collection of things that just couldn't be thrown away. Souvenirs of many happy days were lying around, but not forgotten. Mildewed shoes were strewn about and the once proud walking stick which belonged to Grandpa appeared forlorn and dejected. Among all the lifeless objects was a spider busily engaged in making a web. Our backs were beginning to ache from bending over; so with memories reviving in our minds we descended the creaky stairway.

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On Washing Dishes

Washing dishes was the monstrosity of my youthful days. The joys of a hot dish of oatmeal on a cold morning was shadowed by the prospect of the dirty dishes which breakfast involved. Supper was even worse because there were more dishes. The only respite of a usual day was lunch, which was sandwiches between the morning and afternoon sessions of school just exactly right to help me out of a disagreeable task. On Sundays there was a change of schedule, and this change meant that I had to wash dishes only after dinner. Of course, there was always a great stack of dishes then, but who wouldn't rather do them all at one time? But holidays-----! It was fun to plan a delightful meal, but that sensation was suddenly squelched by a feeling of despair. A big meal took many dishes, and when dishes are used they have to be washed.

There are many kinds of dishes that have to be washed. Of these, drinking glasses are perhaps the most insignificant. If you wash them in hot soapy water and rinse them in very hot clear water they practically dry themselves. Then with a soft towel you can polish them until they sparkle. There are, even with glasses, two difficulties: glasses are very easy to break if you rub too hard, and they are also easy to break if the rinse water is too hot. Silverware is very annoying, especially when there are eggs for breakfast.

seldom sticky and yield themselves quickly to the persuasion of soap and water. I used to enjoy a peculiar satisfaction in deliberately avoiding the bottom of the saucer and the outside of the cup. Plates are worse. They are harder to handle, and they seem to slip at the most inopportune times and nick themselves. Then, too, plates have to be washed on the bottom because if they are stacked together the bottom may be nearly as soiled as the top. But I have still not told you the worst. That is pans, sticky pans, burned pans, greasy pans. Can't you see them as they march before your memory? Or have you never had that experience? Besides all these, there are those small trinkets of every cook, egg beaters, meat grinders, potato mashers, strainers, and such like. I have used them, too, but it is always with the thought of their having to be washed.


Such is the memory of the miseries of the experience which I received under my mother's watchful care. I hoped for the day when I could tell someone else to wash a dish over because a speck had escaped the swish of the dish cloth. Will that day never come? When I left for college, I thought I was through washing dishes, but lo! I have still to face a dishpan full of dishes twice a day as I did when I was in grammar school.



my piano

M

y piano has been a loyal, life-long friend. Even though I was compelled to practice when I was young, I like to practice now. My piano always harmonizes with my moods. When I am angry or disturbed I can "play it off" on the piano; and when I feel light-hearted I can easily express myself by playing. If I neglect my piano it yells out in its most disgusting discord and tells me. On the other hand, if I visit it regularly, it tells me how appreciative it is by playying melodious music.



AN UNUSUAL FISHING TRIP

N

ext to a worn out automobile, to arouse the animal side of man's nature, is an unsuccessful fishing trip. To feel a craving to match his skill in handling a rod against the tactics of a red-blooded salmon, and to be unable to pacify that craving nearly drives a man into a ferocious mental state. No matter how beautiful the weather may be, or how enjoyable his companions, unless he can feel a sharp, biting tug at the line, he is dissatisfied.

Such a trip was nearly my lot a year ago. For three days a group of us had fished without success. We arose early, fished all day until late at night, and caught nothing. No matter how "classy" we fixed the bait, the fish refused to bite.

But, to our dismay and consternation, others were catching fish, and we had to listen to their sage advice. At their request we changed out bait from minnows to worms, and from worms to the 'archie spinner'; they also recommended several other kinds of 'new-fangled' fish bait. We were told to fish deep and shallow. Added to all this advice, they sent us scurrying all over the lake to the 'exact spot' where they had landed a four 'pounder'. All to no avail.

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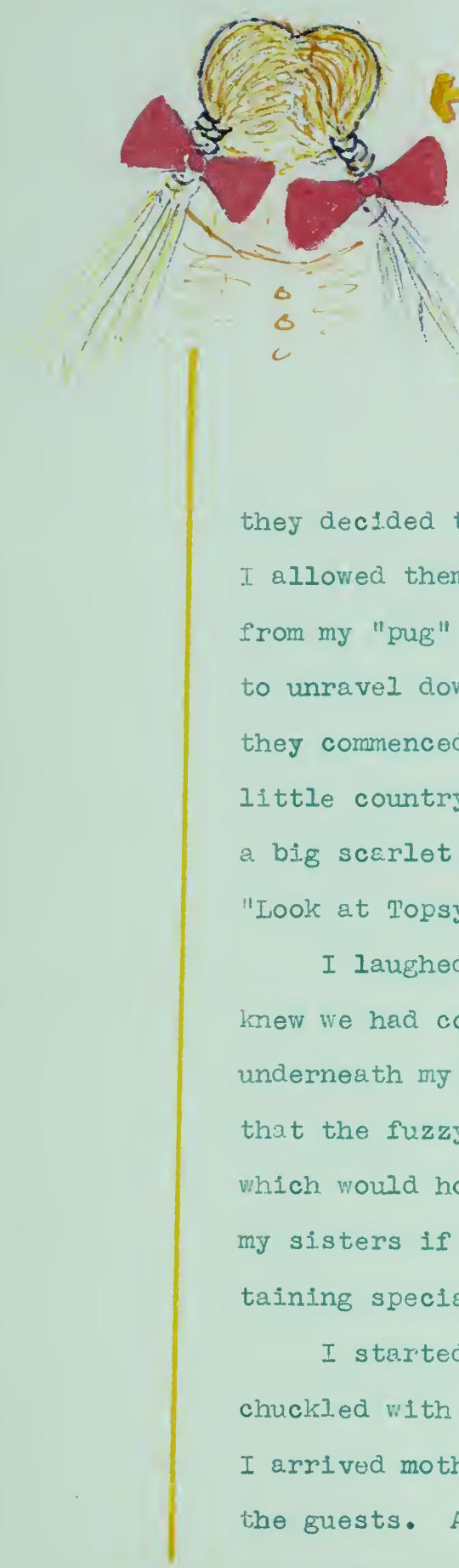
The effect on us was terrific. We became disgruntled. The weather, which was really all right, was disgusting to us. Our drinking water was like warm, and the lunch dry and stale. I was going nearly crazy from the continued drone of the outboard motor. My craving to catch a fish was intense. I held the rod in my hand, hoping, praying, and expecting the tug that seemingly would never come.

The morning of the fourth day I almost left my rod in camp. "It's no use, fellows," I argued. "We might as well go home." They insisted, nevertheless, that I take the rod even if I did refuse to fish. A woolly caterpillar was crawling along the bottom of the boat. The innocent thing soon became the victim of my pent-up feelings. I picked him up and threw him with all my might out into a watery grave. The instant the caterpillar hit the water there was a huge splash and a beautiful salmon arched out of the water. It made me tingle all over, and it wasn't long before I had my line in the water! In less than three minutes I had a fight on my hands. And boy, what a fight! I was nearly exhausted when I finally landed the fish. Ten pounds of red-blooded, deadly fighting salmon was my first prize.

Our hopes were revived. The weather was glorious. I took a drink of the lukewarm water; it was great! We caught fish after fish until we had our limit for the day.

On the return trip to camp everyone was jubilant. The motor hummed sweetly. It was like music to our ears. To show my appreciation, I opened the throttle, cut circles, and rocked the boat from side to side. Everyone sang as loudly as he could. Gone crazy? No, caught some fish!

How Do Nicknames Start?



I confess the origin of some nicknames have no significance whatever, but the one I received arose from an exciting experience.

Spending New Year's Day with some of my friends, they decided to do something different. Filled with mischief I allowed them to start on me. Slowly removing the hairpins from my "pug" located at the back of my head, the locks began to unravel down my back. Parting my hair in three divisions, they commenced to braid my hair into two "pigtails" like any little country girl would wear. They fastened each end with a big scarlet red ribbon bow and then teasingly hollered---
"Look at Topsy."

I laughed with them, but the fun wasn't over. Since I knew we had company at home, I neatly tucked my "tails" underneath my orange angora tam. No one would ever suspect that the fuzzy tam hid two horrible looking ribbons and tails which would horrify my mother, embarrass my dad, and tickle my sisters if I should enter the room when they were entertaining special guests.

I started for home. Riding over the hill on the bus, I chuckled with glee at the thought of entering the room. When I arrived mother graciously welcomed me and introduced me to the guests. After a few moments' hesitation in which I was getting my little speech ready mother said, "What do you have

to say to the folks?" With a tug at my tam I tossed it aside, and bowed low before my friends as the red ribbons bid them "How-do-you-do!" A spasm of laughter seized our guests. I glanced at my mother and then at my dad. She looked mortified; he on without saying a word. What had I done? After a moment or two of excitement my fears were quelled, for mother and dad joined the laughing guests in their merriment, even though their daughter did make herself look ridiculous. I was dismissed to begin the wearisome process of unwinding my hair. The time spent unwinding the twists flew by rapidly, and I was soon able to join the rest of the company.

But what about the nickname? If you could have seen me posing before the mirror or giggling when mother wanted me to be dignified and reserved, you would have made a motion and seconded it to the effect that "Topsy" soon was the name for me. But listen--"Topsy" came to college one day. And by the way she still is here. Once she's knitting a sweater, then she's altering Easter frocks. Once her fingers ripple over the "ivories"; then through the fur of her snow white pussy on her bed. She's "Topsy" all right! Sometimes her room shows it; sometimes her Rhetoric themes show it; but she surely is enjoying life!

I DON'T WANT

(Selfishness)
(Greed)
(Jealousy)
(Laziness)
(Deceit)
(Self-righteousness)

Want has been predominant in my vocabulary since the dim yesterdays. I have wanted, oh, so many things, some otherwise. First, I wanted my own way. Yes, about playthings, food, time, of retirement, and all. Then--as I grew older I wanted luxuries. Many of my wants have been supplied, but there is one thing I know. Some things I do not want.

A longing for fame and fortune has never entered my mind. I say this, not to be humble but to be truthful. Oh! I'm sure that I would not cringe from the idea of a few hundred dollars or a few thousand dollars, but even so, I'm happy in living.

I do not want to become lazy. There is so much in this lovely world of ours that I fear I shall miss if I become lazy. It creeps on me. I know I'm as lazy as I dare to be; frequently however, I have to shake myself out of my lethargy. I live in daily fear of the time that I shall forget that goal for which I am striving and sit back in the rocking chair of least resistance and literally go to sleep on the job.

I do not want to become self-righteous. My Christian background has given me the theory of Christian living. Am I justified in living on theory? No. But, having this theory and Godly parents I want not to become righteous in myself, but I want to be humble so that the Lord can work through me in bring-

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ing lost humanity to the Cross.

And last of all I do not want to become jealous. Jealousy is the root of much evil. Where does it come from? How does it start? It is a horrible thing. From laziness and selfishness comes a great deal of jealousy. Laziness in grasping an opportunity makes jealousy spring up toward those who seize their opportunities. Selfish persons become jealous for themselves. Attention should be shown them.

These don't's have become part of my life, and as the days roll by my hatred for them increases. Laziness, selfishness, self-righteousness, jealousy--I shall shun them all.

POPULARITY PLUS:



MOST POPULAR

Jean Gandee

Grondall Foster

BEST LOOKING

Hazel Crutcher

Rudy Anderson

NEATEST

Avonelle Beall

Grondall Foster

BEST ALL-ROUND

Hazel Crutcher

Earl Lee

MOST LEARNED

Lillian Kendall

Charles Carter

CLASS PROPHECY

Twenty years from now:

Ruth Adsit---Honeymooning in a trailer.

Rudy Anderson---Noted author on child psychology.

Avonelle Beall---Outstanding radio announcer for station F-U-Z-Z.

Charles Carter---Gym instructor at Harvard.

Dorothy Chesborough---Hermitess living in northern Canada.

Hazel Crutcher---Matron at a boys' reformatory.

Mary Favorito---Famous American aviatrix.

Wilda Flowers---Missionary to Bornea.

Grondall Foster---Fastest cotton picker in Alabama.

Evangeline Garrison---Matron of an "Old Folks' Home" in Texas.

Jean Gandee---Teacher of a school for the blind.

Lloyd Gordon---Captain of U. S. S. Arkansas.

Paul Hetrick---Famous mountain climber in Mexico.

Lillian Kendall---Champion ice skater of America.

Florence Larson---Matron of Pennsylvania State Orphanage.

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Earl Lee---Guide through the Pyramids of Egypt.

James Lehman---Writer of Sentence Prayer Book.

Ruth Mumford---Director of Girl Scout Camp in the Adirondacks.

Mildred Nicholas---Book binder for Boston Public Library.

Gaynelle Pearsons---Outstanding designer of paper dolls.

Vera Priestly---Social worker in Kentucky mountains.

George Rosenberger---Tennis singles champion of U. S. A.

Mildred Scherneck---Mascot of New York Giants.

Jane Schultz---Keeper of antique shop in White Mountains.

Boyd Shoff---Fuller Brush Salesman.

Edgar Smith---Leading song evangelist in Nazarene Movement.

Mary Smith---Shepherdess on an Iowa ranch.

Charlotte Snowden---Author of the year's "best seller."

Grace Sweigert---Torch singer in a hot dog stand.

Clara Towle---Announcer for radio cooking school.

Atwood Warren---Chef of the Copley-Plaza Hotel.

Glenn Watts---Inventor of Mechanical Brain.

Harold Weller---Sports commentator for the Boston Globe.



JOKES



Jim and Jean are hidden sitting on the bench in the moon-light alone. No words broke the silence for half an hour until--

"Suppose you had money," Jean said, "what would you do?"

Jim drew out his chest in all the glory of young manhood,

"I'd travel."

He felt her warm young hand slide into his. When he looked up Jean had gone. In his hand was a nickel!

* * * * *

Art to Juanita: "They say, honey, that people who live together get in time to look exactly alike."

Juanita: "Then you may consider my refusal final."

* * * * *

Peckham: "I understand fish is good for the brain. Do you reccommend anything special?"

Doctor Bennet: "Well you might begin with a whale."

* * * * *

Lois Strang, in writing to her father an account of her term expenses, inserted; "To charity, thirty dollars."

Her father wrote back: "I fear charity covers a multitude of sins."

* * * * *

Speed, who had by his irrelevant remarks annoyed Rose Rice at the dining room table, asked whether she had ever had her ears pierced. "No, but I have had them bored" was her reply.

* * * * *

"I can't drink coffee," said Atty, "it goes right to my head."

Scotty: "Well, where would it go with less danger of being crowded?"

* * * * *

Kirkland: "I am certain, Mary, that I am right and you are wrong.

I'll bet my ears on it."



Mary: "IndeeC, Bob, you shouldn't carry betting to such extreme lengths."

* * * * *

Insurance Agent: "The premium is very small. For only eighteen dollars your car is insured for three years."

Earl Lee: "You mean you'll pay me one thousand dollars if my car burns up during that time?"

I. A. : "Exactly. Of course we make a thorough investigation first."

Lee: "Huh, I knew there was a hitch in it."

* * * * *

Traffic Cop: "Use your noodle, lady; use your noodle."

Hazel Crutcher: "My goodness! Where is it? I've pushed and pulled everything in the car."

* * * * *

"I'm sorry," said Red Foster, "but I haven't any money to pay for this meal."

"That's all right," said the cashier, "we'll write your name on the wall and you can pay the next time you come in."

Red: "Don't do that. Everybody that comes in will see it."

Cashier: "Oh, no they wont . Your overcoat will be hanging over it."

* * * * *

"The next time you are late you will have to bring an excuse," announced Prof. White to Vessy Stem.

"Who from?" asked Vessy.

"Your Dean," replied Prof.

"He's no good at excuses," said Vessy. "His wife finds him out every time."

* * * * *

Jack Lanpher, the perfect gentleman: "So sorry I bumped into you.

I didn't see you."

Mildred Nicholas: "Flatterer."

* * * * *

Trustee: "Who was that young chap you just raised your hat to?"

Prof. Mingledorff: "That? Oh, that was Mr. Kleppinger, the school barber. He sold me a bottle of hair restorer a month ago, and whenever I meet him I let him see what a fraud he is."

* * * * *

Ross: "Don Combs will be sick a long time."

John Johnson: "Why? Have you seen the doctor?"

Ross: "No, but I've seen the nurse."

* * * * *

Hostess to Harold Weller: "No, you can't have seconds on dessert tonight. Don't you know you can't sleep on a full stomach?"

Weller: "Well, I can sleep on my back."

* * * * *

"Be yourselves," Prof. Spangenberg directed, "and write what is in you."

"In me," the essay of Earl Lee began, "there is my stomach, lungs, heart, liver, two pieces of pie, two apples, three sticks of celery, a lot of chestnuts, and my dinner."

* * * * *

Prof. Harris: "Miss Kendall, what do you know about French syntax?"

Miss Kendall: "I didn't know they had to pay for their fun."

* * * * *

Wolfie, getting up late for eight o'clock classes: "Oh, did the alarm go off this morning?"

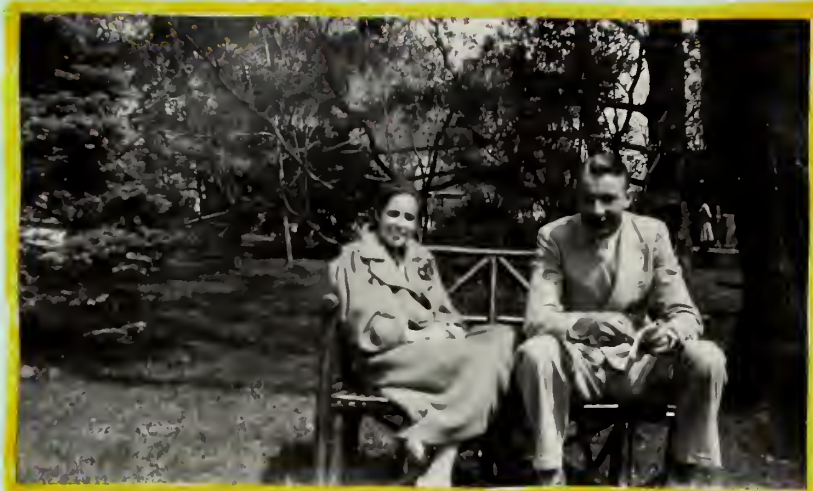
G B Cornell: "No, it's still on the dresser."



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RHETORIC
CLASSES







